

# CENTER OF VISION

## MassArt Student News

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ISSUE

#6

Header Art by David Gorelik

## Illuminus: Q and A with Samo

Boston has proven to be a great supporter of the arts, with art installations always visible throughout the city, whether it be at Evans Way Park or Downtown. On Saturday October 25th there was a particularly spectacular light show at the SOWA Open Market in the South End. It consisted of light and sound installations and multimedia performances on the streets, with free admission! The event was mirroring

the all-night Paris festival Nuit Blanche. Among the talented artists who contributed to the show was Sam Okerstrom-Lang, a 2014 graduate of Massart. Sam Okerstrom-Lang's art installation titled Glitche can be seen on Vimeo using the link [Vimeo.com/SamOlang](http://Vimeo.com/SamOlang). Here about his experience with Illuminus below.

As a recent Graduate of Massart how did you become in-

involved in the show Illuminus?

I became involved with Illuminus through multiple colleagues. I found out about the idea of the festival in June by a wonderful MassArt teacher and artist, Georgie Friedmen. The entire event and its proposals didn't come into fruition until August, when they sent out a call to artists that had signed up to their mailing list to get involved with the event. When

*Con't on pg 2*

## The Butcher Block Saved Itself

Everything is not science: your name  
a slimy quotient, pulverizing  
whatever  
the butcher block saved for  
itself.  
Beneficial to be resistant to  
blood absorption -  
which sounds worse than it is.  
Your green apple tartness,  
semi-sweet  
in light of so much bad news:  
gas station  
parking lots blighted by stalled  
engines,  
gasoline puddles. Look twice:  
the elephants  
are hills that absolve us of no  
transgressions  
without first sealing them in  
memory,  
a crude and groping algebra.  
It's never far  
from happening: the argu-  
ment,  
broken glass and spilled wine,  
spelling bee champs  
with arsenals of vowels, vexing  
and extraneous.  
Catch the subway and don't  
peek until you see me.

ERIN BURLEY  
Studio Foundation  
2018



Photo by Sam Okerstrom-Lang



# About Us

The newspaper is dedicated to circulating artwork, creative writing, and current events to the MassArt community. We're always looking for submissions and we accept work on a rolling basis. In addition to printing our monthly issues, a website is in progress, be sure to check it out!

We're looking for:

Photojournalists

Online staff

Advertising/layout designers

Reporters

Editors

or anything you have to offer, that is not listed here.

If you are interested in joining, please know that it is not necessary to commit weekly, we accept any contributions.

Iman R. Louis-Jeune, SIM '17

Tom Hilsee, Architecture '15

Jennifer Smith, Photography '17

David Gorelik, Studio Foundation '18



Iman R. Louis-Jeune, Window Shopping, SIM, '17

*Con't from pg 1*

that time came, I submitted a solo installation of "Glitch" and was the visualist for a collaborated project with my friend BLKBX and a curatorial group named "Sweety's" out of the South End and SMFA.

**Do you feel that Massart prepared you for after college experiences with showing your artwork?**

MassArt definitely made me stronger and very prepared for the "outside world", especially the Studio for Interrelated Media (SIM). The program really offered me the right amount of creative freedom and personal responsibility of managing my artistic process and goals. SIM gives it's students a lot of very big opportunities within MassArt and outside while being a student. For example, I had a class that collaborated with the Hayden Planetarium at the Museum of Science in Boston. It was a semester long project that we diligently worked on until the final event and screenings of our work in the Planetarium. That project alone stretched our abilities to create, story tell, and manage our time in order to have a polished project we created from scratch.

Other SIM examples are the "BIG show" and All School Show. Each provide students with big roles and opportunities to manage, design, and curate full productions within the Pozen Center and to show

work within it and it's surrounding gallery spaces.

There were many SIM students and Alumni at Illuminus which was amazing to see, we said repetitively that Illuminus was very much like a "SIM" Event.

**What kind of equipment goes into making these kinds of light installations?**

There is an immense amount of equipment that goes into these types of work. On the basic level one would need to have: Content(Video/Animation/Sound) Playback Device(Computer/Program/Media Player) Connectivity(Video/Audio Cords & Electricity) Playback Output(Projector(s)/ Screen(s)/ Speaker(s)) This basic setup can expand and contract in thousands of different ways. All of the equipment is very expensive as well, creating an event to this scale and level would not have been possible if it wasn't for our main sponsor Christie Digital, an amazing projector company.

**Did you help to curate the show, and if so what was that experience like?**

I did not help curate the show. My

# Greenbriar Nursing Home

"Thank you", I said.

"They're lovely", I said.

Three massive baskets of white and yellow flowers, cut and stuck into foam.

I couldn't just throw them away they were beautiful, and they were gifts so my mother and I stopped at the Greenbriar Nursing Home.

She assured me that this wasn't weird at all, that when she worked in the same nursing home, "people would drop off flowers all the time!"

We walked in, awkwardly, and were met with an accusatory glare from the secretary.

It was almost ten o'clock at night.

"They're from the memorial service of a friend", we said.

"We wanted to pay it forward", we said.

"We thought you would enjoy them", we said.

She thanked us as she pushed them to the corner of her desk, but I could tell from her eyes that she knew we really meant:

"Please. Take these.

We can't stand to watch them die."

KALEIGH O'KEEFE  
Sculpture and HART, '15

friend and boss Jeff Grantz was the event director that took the reigns of solidifying projects and locations, amongst many other crucial tedious tasks like acquiring all the permitting from the city of Boston.

**How was it working with different artists for a group exhibition such as Illuminus?**

Working with all the artists was fantastic. We knew that in Boston there was much talent and interest in this new media type of work, but there hasn't been a median for all of us to meet at. Illuminus brought us together with a very positive light, I was able to meet a lot of wonderful artists that I did not know were living in the same city.

For the most part, each artist's project had their own team for installing the piece they had proposed. I was lucky enough to have several friends and volunteers to help with "Glitche". All of which were artists in their own way, some current students of SIM and most alumni of the program. The installation would in no way been able to be completed without their help and determination.

JENNIFER SMITH (interviewer)  
Photography '16



# Untitled

Is there ever any version of this  
where we come out ok,  
Where the happily ever after hap-  
pens for real and I don't feel like  
I'm being strangled by the lines on  
the map that separate me from you  
I can't even say I miss you because  
the words fall a couple hundred  
miles short.

I can't breathe and the not breath-  
ing is something different than the  
not-breathing from kissing you too  
closely.

I run my fingers across the bus  
schedule on the wall and wish I  
was running them through your  
hair and I run to catch busses and I  
think about that time I said I loved  
you and the words flew away in the  
rush of the outbound train.

I'm sorry my darling, I'm sorry my  
love

we're a hopeless case

there are too many roads to take,  
and I've never been good with  
maps.

You know how this story ends- the  
building destroyed, the lighting  
striking the tree, a train wreck being  
carefully set up to happen. Squeal-  
ing brakes. There are no survivors.

I miss you like I'm trying to con-  
vince myself that there will be a  
time when you'll be too close for  
me to miss, but there is no way we  
can contort this so that it ends with

me being able to learn what your  
face looks like in every kind of light.  
There is no way I can make it work  
so that I get to wake up next to you  
every day. This thing that we have  
will always involve too many bus  
rides, too much missing, too much  
wishing to ever properly be solid.  
I wish I could walk away from it  
intact, but that would be too easy.  
Neither of us think we believe in  
love, but when we can, we kiss  
each other like we might be able to  
learn.

We practice at night under constel-  
lations I don't recognize.

You are the marble statue, i the  
worshipper mumbling half remem-  
bered prayers.

Next time you're here, after I pick  
you up at the station, let me hear  
that story again.

the one with the lovers reunited at  
last, red threads drawn together and  
sewn up, and everything after that  
was easy, love love and a kingdom of  
light.

Tell me that story slowly in the fluo-  
rescent subway glow  
and remind me of all the reasons  
why  
it's bullshit.

MADDI COYNE  
Illustration, '18



# Untitled

Our teenage cuts healed slow as hell --  
stubborn and broken down,  
the road from flesh to flower.

And she wanted to paint my eulogy vanilla,  
sweep the beer bottles under the rug, and the scabs too.

I had a salt and ice burn my brother handed down to me,  
mother erased it with Neosporin and shoved me  
into the singing afternoon, to gag under cirrus clouds.

Meanwhile my brothers drank porter in the parlor,  
glowing in the gloom, laughing at my lot -- a clock busted open  
with minutes leaking from my cracked-open organs.

My family and I, we sip too quick,  
we swallow sand with the foam --

and I'm the whirlpool they gave birth to,  
the map with those raised lines of scar tissue leading back  
to the dim rooms where we center ourselves, composing  
the crude collapses we sew into our own chests

ERIN BURLEY  
Studio Foundation, '18

# "Your Fingertips' Floaty Itch"

I play at trying to patch together rooms in Balti-  
more  
where heroin melted her into the furniture,  
her drooping cigarette graying the air, smoke  
unspooling  
into shapes mirroring her mind's run-off:  
frozen chunks made soft in the thaw,  
the tawny grit of February sun on wood paneling;  
the memory in her fingertips of a floaty itch  
as light sifts through dusty window glass,  
the maroon and chapped-brown bricks  
stirred with the bite of nicotine sucked to the  
filter.

I picture Newports, then remember: I never knew  
her brand,

or what filled the spaces between photos  
of a little girl with jagged home-cut bangs  
and the final knot tied in a jail-issue bed sheet.

At home, her father's hard hands corroded the  
shape  
of what it was to sleep and wake. She must have  
found

bedrock in the blood her mother siphoned to her,  
sharpening it to a point. It gleamed,  
stark as the cement steps down to the row house  
cellar where wounded bones knit back together.

Once, she pressed her palm prints into soft ce-  
ment,

made Baltimore's sidewalks carry her skin,  
something small and sacred encased in rock.

At dusk the neighborhood boys tortured cats.  
Tying the tails, they'd sling them over a clothes-  
line,

watch as they clawed themselves to death.

With waning adrenaline they swallowed the sting  
of fathers who worked at the steel mill,  
came home to swallow beer in a recliner, call  
them close

only to dump hot ashes in their waiting hands.

She poked a heart on to her kneecap in stickpin

--  
nine years old, moved by the pulse of radio hits:  
a jilted lover pricking his fingers with guitar  
chords,

a redhead pushing through inky blood  
to something fixed, for keeps. No healing  
could take back what she'd inscribed.

She shoved the rain back into the clouds.

The burden of being young was to be cast off,  
burnt in piles, but she found a tide to take  
and remake her in its image. Smoke settled  
into a sweetness she stumbled after, into rooms  
that burned yellow under the grey.

After she turned herself inside out  
for the gnaw and the whine of twin sons  
in the city hospital on Christmas Eve,  
the tide sickened into dwindling repetitions  
that beckoned and begged. She'd have to  
focus

on fitting its shrinking shape--  
collapsing in on herself, bruised flesh  
refusing to heal around old openings,  
the wind storming her veins-- arriving at more  
time than space, and knowing exactly how to fill  
it.

ERIN BURLEY  
Studio Foundation, '18





Anagha Prasan, Blues, Painting, '17



Anagha Prasan, Ocean Swirl, Painting, '17

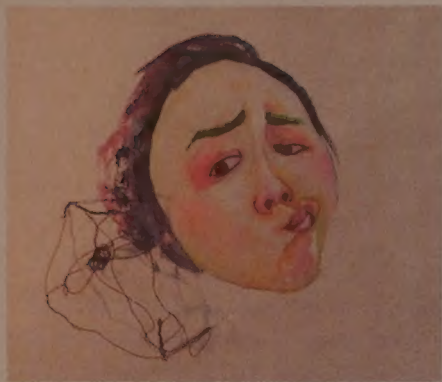


Alyssa Erikson, 3 AM the Next Day, Sculpture, '16



Eva Lee, Self-Portrait Series, Painting, '16





Eva Lee, Self-Portrait Series, Painting, '16



Eva Lee, Self-Portrait Series, Painting, '16



Jack Klugerman, Samurai, Animation, '17



Anagha Prasan, Sacred Shrine, Painting, '17



# The Money Practice # 1

## Helping you make empowered financial decisions

Welcome to The Money Practice – a regular column about ways to get and keep your financial life on track. Let's face it – making good financial choices isn't always simple. Making financial decisions causes anxiety for everyone at some point– in this column we'll look at ways to break down the problems, figure out how to tackle them and minimize the stress. Money and credit are tools in your toolkit – and anyone can learn the use and care of financial tools. Using those tools to build a sustainable lifestyle– that's The Money Practice.

Wikipedia defines financial literacy as "the ability to understand how money works in the world: how someone manages to earn or make it, how that person manages it, how he/she invests it (turn it into more) and how that person donates it to help others. More specifically, it refers to the set of skills and knowledge that allows an individual to make informed and effective decisions with all of their financial resources." Wouldn't it be great to understand all that and have those skills? That understanding and those skills are available to everyone; you just have to decide if they are important to you. With those skills you can build a financially sustainable life, where you feel confident and in charge, rather than skidding out of control

every time something unexpected occurs.

### Reality Check

The surest way to a financially sustainable life is having good money habits. Every time you decide to spend or not to spend money you're making a financial decision, and you're changing or solidifying a habit. Considering these questions may help you think about where you are right now, and decide if you want to make changes

*How does thinking about your money and future make you feel?* Confident?

Prepared? Anxious? Confused? Down-right scared? How you feel always has a big impact on what you actually do. If you don't like how it makes you feel, you're probably not gonna do it. How would you like to feel when you think about the future?

*Have you had adults in your life that handle their money well?* Have you watched most the adults around you struggle paycheck to paycheck? Is there anyone already "on your team" who you trust to help you answer money questions? Did you learn helpful money skills at home? If not, where will you learn them? Is there someone you already know (a relative, a friend, a successful colleague a few years ahead of you) that you can tap when you

need to discuss financial decisions?

*What are your dreams and goals?* What are the things you hope to do that will require money? Travel after graduation? Use gold for your senior project? Open a gallery? Build a studio? Buy a vehicle? Own your own home? Raise a family? All of these plans will require money, and most regular folks (those of us who are not trustafarians or lottery winners) use credit to make the bigger dreams come true. Are you doing the right things now to protect and build your ability to use credit in the future? What are those things?

### Ask Your Questions?!

If the reality check has got you thinking, maybe you're ready to submit a question. Are you struggling right now with a difficult financial decision? Do you have trouble figuring out how (much) to save? Is the information you've been given confusing or conflicting? Don't know where to start? Use this email address: [snews@massart.edu](mailto:snews@massart.edu) to ask your specific questions – each future column will address one or two questions with suggestions of which steps to take, and how to prioritize.

TIBBS

## Trash River

The hobo king's chair:  
rotting arms, wonky legs.  
God, stop killing me,  
\$5.29 plastic-coated voids --  
shoddy depressors, half conscious.  
Fuck me like "Sorry:"  
cling, bend, shine with anxiety's sweat --  
our skin, fluorescent cellophane,  
wind-shredded, caught in the tree's fingerbone branches.

My fingerbones pop and crackle now,  
your skin gives me whiplash,  
cracks the gasoline rainbows in half,  
breaks the sidewalk's heart.  
I sleep in stone and dirt, I decompose,  
bugs forget that my chest still rises and falls,

not with breath but smoke and ghost vapor.  
If a girl falls in love in the woods and no one's around to  
hear her,  
did she even fall in love?  
Gravity is rarely kind.  
The silence we chase, the blood we break  
to crawl inside and make a home --  
we end up with a filthy t-shirt,  
floating like the skin of darkness  
I peeled off kneeling in the stinking mud  
with a pocket knife I can't remember acquiring.

Created by the Exquisite corpse Surrealist method by  
ERIN BURLEY, HART RIPPE and AVEN PAQUETTE  
Studio Foundation, '18



Jennifer Smith, A Brisk Winter's Walk, Photography, '16



## Poem for Tiffany

Returning to nature behind Star Market—  
rotting greenly through a bare mattress,  
you left them nothing but blurred words  
for objects (we wished for you instead).  
A yoga mat is not a bed, but we envied  
your sound sleep, your dissolute safety net.  
You knew better than wake that second  
try—you drowned alarm clocks, severed  
the silver string, no harder side to Somerville  
than little yours. Your little ceramic heads.  
Your little ruined hands. You said the glass  
broke well for me, not jealous but grateful.  
Passing the torch that burned you,  
a nicotine death pact granted with your small  
frame, large nose, caustic wit. Your words  
were broken things you couldn't mend  
as winter's freeze seeped in, a blade  
to carve you, bones begging to become dust.  
Winter's the cliff you couldn't walk from,  
your flight from the fight that wouldn't stop.  
I see a Vietnam-era Kerosene-drenched  
monk, a headless figurine, a skinny girl  
frowning at nothing. All the wandering  
stories gathered like birds on someone's  
shoulders. You fell for fragments, discarded  
lives you pieced into more than intimation,  
yours the story that only sideways got told.  
Sidewalks reveal more: trash constellations,  
cigarette butts signifying so many self-  
destructive gestures—not yours; a written self,  
inheritance by osmosis, a trash-picked path  
to enlightenment you wrestled but rarely  
pinned. With tile nips and sedatives,  
you assembled the blankest aftermath  
then erased the breadcrumbs of your history  
behind you. Burn the scraps in a trashcan  
fire, erase the face no one knew, then sought  
for years, or meant to. We'll find you  
discarded and salvage something better, truer,  
something that speaks more than its shards would suggest.

GRACE SCHAUER and ERIN BURLEY  
Studio Foundation, '18

## Loosing Your Tact

Like Cinnamon poured down my throat  
This second hand cigarette tastes so good,  
Entering my nostrils from your bedside ashtray.  
And wait till you hear the noises I will  
make.  
I am coughing up your lungs until I hit the right note  
Of that tune you grind your teeth to.  
The thoughts that inspired hands gone  
astray.  
Where will I find yours today?  
On the cigarette butts that hang out in buckets full of sand,  
They have memories of your hands like long lost  
friends.  
Yeah, you can toss that gum into the trash unwrapped.  
It's okay with me as long its okay with you  
That I'd smoke this whole pack just to meet you on the cement step.  
I'd smoke this whole pack just to meet you on the step  
Unwrapped.

J-P  
SIM, '15



Jennifer Smith, Icicle, Photography, '16







Eva Lee, Self-Portrait Series, Painting, '16



Anagha Prasan, ShroomPrint, Painting, '17

## Clubs and Meetings

|                         |                                                                                                                                                  |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Artist of Color Union   | Wednesdays 7 PM Kennedy 260                                                                                                                      |
| The Well                | Mondays and Thursdays 7 PM Kennedy 260                                                                                                           |
| Center of Vision        | Mondays and Thursdays 7 PM Kennedy 261                                                                                                           |
| Game Design Club        | Mondays 7-8 PM Tower 310                                                                                                                         |
| Outdoor Adventure Club  | Like them on Facebook!                                                                                                                           |
| Strategic Games Club    | Fridays 5-8 PM Kennedy 280A                                                                                                                      |
| MassArt Poetry Alliance | Like them on Facebook!                                                                                                                           |
| Restore                 | Mondays: 9-11 AM, 12:30-6 PM<br>Tuesdays: 9:30 AM-4:30 PM<br>Wednesdays: 9-11 AM<br>Thursdays: 11 AM-3:30 PM<br>Fridays: 9:30 AM-2 PM, 3:30-6 PM |

## Upcoming Events

|                                    |                                                                                                       |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| COF Chorus and Orchestra           | Thursday, November 20th 7:30 PM<br>Simmons Residence, Alumnae Hall                                    |
| COF Dance Project                  | Friday, November 21st 7:30 PM<br>Saturday, November 22nd 2 PM<br>Tower Auditorium \$5 with student ID |
| Blink! Light and Sound Extravangza | Faneuil Hall Nov 22nd 8-9 PM (Free)                                                                   |
| Tuba Festival                      | Faneuil Hall Nov 29th 2 PM (Free)                                                                     |

## Good Grub!

|                       |                                                                                                |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Kennedy Cafe          | Mondays-Thursdays 7:30 AM-8:30 PM<br>Fridays 7:30 AM-2 PM<br>Saturdays & Sundays Closed        |
| Spoon Cafe            | Mondays-Fridays 11 AM-2PM, 5-7 PM<br>Saturdays & Sundays Closed                                |
| Beatty Cafe           | Mondays-Fridays 7 AM-8 PM<br>Saturdays & Sundays 10 AM-6:30 PM                                 |
| C-Store               | Mondays-Fridays 11 AM-11 PM<br>Saturdays & Sundays 2 PM-11 PM                                  |
| Peet's Coffee and Tea | Mondays & Thursdays 7 AM-8:30 PM<br>Fridays 7 AM-6 PM<br>Saturdays 8 AM-3 PM<br>Sundays Closed |
| Il Mondo's            | Everyday 10:30-1 AM                                                                            |
| Penguin Pizza         | Delivery Hours:<br>Monday-Friday 11 AM-2 PM & 4 PM-10 PM<br>Saturday & Sunday 12 PM-10 PM      |
| Temptations Cafe      | Monday-Friday 7:30 AM-4 PM<br>Saturday & Sunday 10 AM-7 PM                                     |
| Tasty Burger          | Everyday 11 AM-2 AM                                                                            |